

MEMOIRS

OF

M. H. S.



JUNE 1922

COLLECTED BY THE JUNIOR & CLASS

Dedication

We the Class of 1923,
As a token of respect and gratitude,
Do hereby dedicate this Annual
To the Faculty.

MEDINA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Board
of
Education



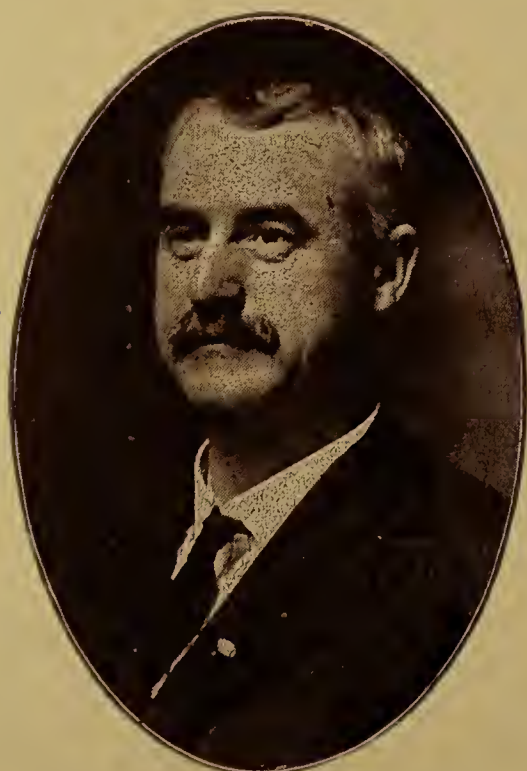
L. F. GARVER



H. E. AYLARD



E. F. GIBBS



GRANT McNEAL



DR. H. P. H. ROBINSON



W. E. CONKLE, Supt.



F. W. WAGNER, Prin.



THEODORE FOSKETT



MABEL KULP



DOROTHY KINDIG



RICHARD GABLE



DOROTHY HUNT



JULIA VANCE (Jan.)



HAROLD KING

DAVID HURLEBAUS (Jan.)

DOROTHY HOFF (Jan.)

SUSAN WORDEN

ROBERT CROFOOT (Jan.)



AUDREY SEDGWICK (Jan.)

ELTON SNOW (Jan.)

RUTH COLEMAN

FRANCIS KELLEY



PAUL HOSTETLER

RUTH NOLD

VIRGIL CURTIS

JENNIE McDONALD





RALPH PARKER



EDITH CURTIS



EVA CURTISS



CHARLENE LUKE

Class History

BY RICHARD GABLE

The class of '22 started in the kindergarten with a large roll of forty members, now there are only two of the original members in the class; viz., Jennie McDonald, Richard Gable, and one other who was graduated in January.

Some of the members moved away in the first two years. We had a good time in the lower grades and when we were in the second grade we even read out of the fourth reader, so we must have been a bright class.

We lost a number of our members when we left the second grade, several being promoted to the four A grade.

We then proceeded year by year to the eighth grade with a few changes as when new people moved in or new pupils came in from country schools to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the Medina schools. Among these were Paul Hostetler and Ruth Nold.

We were graduated out of the eighth grade and came over into High School which we thought to be a wonderful edifice. In our freshman year we had one party in the Garfield building and had a great time. Many boys dropped out this year, as they thought High School was too difficult. Some of the new students that came in this year were Susie Worden and Julia Vance.

We then passed into our Sophomore year in which Noel Irwin joined us. We did not do much that year as a class and moved on into the Junior year in which the Curtis girls came into the ranks.

When we were Juniors we held a party at Nold's sugar bush and also a party out at Curtis'. The class members enjoyed themselves at both parties.

We sat all last year down in Miss McNeal's room. We edited the annual in that year and also staged the Junior-Senior banquet in the I. O. O. F. hall which was a very great success. Frances Kelly joined us that year.

Now we draw to our last year in High School and in this year Ralph Parker, Ruth Coleman, Mabelle Kulp and Thea-dore Foskett joined us. This year we had charge of the Lecture Course and by reason of splendid management was a business success in this poor business year.

Thus far this year we have had two parties, a Senior class party and a Junior-Senior party.

We hope that we may be graduated from Medina High School with highest honors.

Baledictorian's Address

BY RUTH NOLD

The little boat that has so staunchly borne the class of 1922 onward on the stream of high school life during the past four years, tonight stands at rest at the bending of the stream and, as you may observe, the rowers have paused just a moment to reflect and to gain strength and courage for the more strenuous race ahead.

We realize that the success or failure of our voyage together during the past four years has been largely dependent upon each individual in the class. When all rowed steadily and diligently our progress was most gratifying, but when any lagged at the oars or permitted themselves to drift with the current, then was our progress seriously hindered. Yet, looking back over our progress during the past four years, I feel that the class of 1922 thus far have shown themselves as rowers who pull a strong oar.

Our voyage, as we look back over it, has not been altogether a stormless one, and we could not have hoped it to be. We have had our troubles, disputes, and disagreements as has every class. But on the other hand, we have had many good times together which we shall never forget. Tonight, I do not wish to think of unpleasant things, but only of the joys and pleasures of our voyage together; for, after all, it is the pleasant things in life that we remember the longest.

To row means to work, but more than that it means to work with an object in view, some port or destination at which we hope to arrive. Work is necessary for success, but work alone will not bring success. We must accompany this work with ideals and ambitions, with the right character, with will power and determination to spur us on to the realization of our ambitions. As rowers, we must be well prepared to hold any place of distinction we may reach among our fellows, that is to keep going forward, and not let our oars drag behind, hindering not only ourselves, but others as well. Thus, to row as we use the word in our motto, means not only to work, but also to work with a definite aim so that when we have finished the course—when we have reached that far distant port that marks the end of all earthly voyages, we may look back as faithful rowers with the satisfaction that comes from doing our very best and feel that we have pulled hard thru the dangerous channels of life and have emerged victorious on the other shore.

To our teachers we owe the greatest appreciation for steering our course straight. We have been seated at the oars, as it were, and were not able to see what was ahead of us. Our teachers sat at the stern and, from time to time, warned us with most zealous pains of the evil rocks and shoals which confronted us. Had it not been for our teachers the very beginning of our voyage might have been saddened by many disasters, and retarded by many difficulties.

As we rest here at the bend of the stream, Father Time comes to us with the command that we each change from this one larger boat and embark as independent rowers in smaller craft of our own. So, from now on, each one will continue on his or her own individual voyage.

Cass Will

(By Harris Hange, '22.

We, the class of 1922, having reached the end of our High School career, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do make public and declare this writing to be our last will and testament making void all testimonial writings by us heretofore made.

We do hereby direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well wishers, the faculty, only enjoining that the funeral shall be carried on with such dignity and pomp as our standing in school entitles us.

As to such estate as it has pleased the fates and our own strong arms to give we dispose and bequeath individually as follows: to wit,

I, RUTH COLEMAN, will my sweet melodious voice to Zella Kindig, my giggle to Arleen Beck, my daintiness to Dortha DeMay, my Golden Record to Constance McNeil.

I, EDITH CURTISS, leave to those who are in the habit of using rouge, my habit of blushing over any little thing.

I, EVA CURTIS, wish to leave to Supt. Conkle and Prin. Wagner one mud stained Ford in good running condition, to be used for High School purposes only.

I, VIRGIL CURTIS, do bequeath my tranquilizing habits to Mr. Wagner, also B. B. Suit to Miss Phillips, and office as Captain to any poor creature who may take it.

I, THEODORE FOSKETT in good health and sound mind do bequeath my Poetic and Vocal ability to Medina High School at large.

I, RICHARD GABLE, bequeath my ability to skip 8th periods to Dutch Hemmeter, and my daily lectures from Miss Phillips to Gordon Kellogg.

I, DOROTHY HUNT, do hereby bequeath my surplus hair nets to Prof. Wagner; my ability as a seamstress, to Miss Drew.

I, DAVID HURLEBAUS, hereby bequeath my ability to make nitroglycerine to Prof. Wagner.

I, PAUL HOSTETLER, do hereby bequeath my height to Eugene Tanner; my mental ability and several cuff buttons to Glendon Schaefer, my ability to drive an old flivver to any swarthy Junior.

I, HARRIS HANGE, bequeath my privilege of playing in a muddy, water-soaked suit to the next heavy weight, who wants to roll after the pig skin.

I, NOEL IRWIN, hereby will the right to wear a Green and Gold Basket Ball Suit, also my famous backboard shot which, if correctly performed, will count two points, to Donald Ausman.

I, MABELLE KULP, do hereby bequeath my love of Shorthand to Doris Waltz, for use in her future endeavors.

I, will my ability to talk unceasingly to two Juniors; Mariam Winters and Evelyn Wideman. (Signed) FRANCIS KELLY.

I, DOROTHY KINDIG, do bequeath my motto; "Why Hurry?" to Doris Waltz.

I, HAROLD KING, bequeath my ability to drive Fords to some ingenuous Freshman who does not care if he is always late at school.

I, CHARLENE LUKE, bequeath my ability to take rapid dictation to Arleen Beck.

I, JENNIE McDONALD, bequeath my ability to miss periods and still keep off the black list, to Marel Hart. One pair of white basket-ball shoes to any one who can stand Mr. Case's wrath when the opposing team makes a basket.

I, hereby bequeath my ability to work chemistry experiments without getting burns to any Junior who thinks he needs it. (Signed and Sealed) RUTH NOLD.

I, hereby bequeath my glasses to Doris Kelly. (Signed) MABEL ORTON.

I,

Class Song of 1922

by

Mabelle Kulp, Dorothy Hunt, Ruth Nold

Farewell, dear Classmates, we bid thee adieu.
 Murmurs of sadness fall on the ear
 Voices long hushed, now their full notes prolong.
 Echoing our farewell.
 Class Day now wakes all mem'ries so dear,
 Visions of future 'rouse us from dreams
 Roses now blooming, their fragrance impart,
 Hailing Commencement Day.
 June's rarest weather all nature resplendent
 Cheer us as Seniors, to welcome Commencement.
 Ah! How our hearts beat with sadness anew
 As thots of our parting as school-mates draw near.
 Farewell, dear Classmates, our voices now raise
 Singing this sad song on this day of days,
 Farewell, dear Class-mate, we bid thee adieu;
 Farewell, a fond Farewell.

Tune:—Melody in F by Rubenstein.

—o—

Class Poem

How soon for us will come the day
 When from High School as Seniors we will leave
 To face life's tasks and make our way
 Where ere the fates decree that we shall live.

Soon passed those days so full of joy
 No future care or strife they thought to bear;
 Sweet memories with us will cling
 Though each must take his part, and do his share.

Throughout our lives we'll hold most dear
 And never from our minds its glories fade,
 The school this class shall ere revere
 From whence with saddened heart we leave this day.

To you Medina High we turn
 With thoughts of joyous times we've shared;
 Our hearts with love for you will burn
 And through our deeds your name keep spotless, clear.

The Annual

Bells

One, two, three, four, three, two, one, four
Who for, what for. Who are you going to yell for

M-E-D-I-N-A

Thats the way to spell it. This is the way to yell it.

MEDINA

Rah-Rah-Rah

Rah-Rah-Rah

Rah-Rah-Rah

Team-Team-Team

Shimmie up a lamp-post. Shimmie down a tree
(Opponents High School, Tee-Hee-Hee.

Riff-Raff-Chiff Chaff

Give them the Horse Laugh

Hee-Haw-Hee

Rickety Rackety Ziss Boom Bah

Medina High School

Rah-Rah-Rah

Rip 'em up! Rip 'em down
We can't be beat. We won't be beat.
Watch us carry them off their feet

Ra-a-a-a-ah

MEDINA

Mecca Mecca Hope-a-teka

Kal-a-mack-a-zoo

Medina, Medina

Rah Rah Rue!

M-E-D-I-N-A

M-E-D-I-N-A

M-e-d-i-n-a

M-E-D-I-N-A

M-E-D-I-N-A

Fire and Brimstone

Coal annd Coke

(Opponents) High School

Ho-o-o-ly Smoke!

Rip Saw, Rip Saw, Rip Saw, Bang!
We belong to the Medina Gang.
Are we in it? Well I should smile
We've been in it for a dickens of a while.

(Prolonged Whistle)

Boom! Bah! Cuckoo

Medina Rah, Medina Rah,

Rah Rah Medina.

Yea-a-a Team,

Yea-a-a Team,

Yea-a-a Team,

Football

Before our class schedule was really complete in the first week of school, the summons came from Mr. Case, "Report for Football Practice." Accordingly an enthusiastic meeting was held in the Agricultural room. The number that reported for practice was more than enough to make up a first and second team and exceeded that of any other year in the history of our high school. When suits were assigned they were found to be far too few in number and many of them in a rather dilapidated condition.

"Some were ragged, some were torn, some were almost new,
Some were dirty, some were brown, some were pretty blue."

Without any delay socks and sweaters were purchased before the game with Berea.

Medina played a tie game with Berea on Sept. 23rd, neither side scoring, and considering the team's little practice the game was credited as a good one.

We met a fast team at Cuyahoga Falls, and lost the game to them with the score of 20-0.

Rock River tried their prowess with ours on October 7th, and triumphed over us with the margin of one point.

Oct. 15th, brought Ashland to our gridiron for another tie game, 6-6.

There was much discussion of the game we played with West Park on Oct. 21st. The score was 0-0.

Wooster scored easily with line bucks as they had a very heavy line. We scored once and got one safety, resulting in a score of 24-9.

LaGrange played Medina a snappy tie game on Nov. 14th.

Our next foe to be settled with was Valley City, and we closed this year's account with a score of 32-2, our spoils.

At Lakewood on Nov. 12th, Medina played on a gridiron that would have made a good ice skating rink. Medina held Lakewood during the first quarter to a single goal, but the cold day, and the heavy, fast-working team soon stopped their opposition resulting in a score of 68-0.

As the season was nearing the end, and the alumni had not as yet subdued the H. S. team, they proceeded to do it on Nov. 16th. It had not yet been decided whether the arguments put forth by "Jack" Snedden or the runs made by Chamberlain won them the only score made.

The team from St. Mary's school of Akron met our team on Medina's gridiron Nov. 18th, and though they played a strong offensive game they lost 19-7.

Medina played the Alumni and Senior class team of Wadsworth on Thanksgiving and received a good trimming to the tune of 63-0.

GREETINGS

TO

THE CLASS

O.F

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY TWO

O F



FROM

THE WARNER-HEMMETER CO.

DRY GOODS

